

# The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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## THE CONSTELLATION.

### BORROWING.

This species of annoyance is so common, particularly in reference to Newspapers, that we hope it will subserve, that there may be no necessity for borrowing, *The Constellation*.

There is no class of people so annoying in a community as those who are eternally in the habit of *borrowing*—who through extreme parsimony neglect to provide themselves with the various articles which are considered indispensable in a well regulated family, and submit almost entirely at the expense of their neighbors. But it is a notorious fact, which we dare say many of our neighbors will bear witness to, that there are many families who seem to make it the chief business of their lives to *borrow*!

"My dear," said Mrs. Green to her husband one morning, "the meal which we borrowed from Mr. Clark a few days ago is almost out, and we must make do to-morrow."

"Well," said the husband, "send and borrow half a bushel at Mr. White's; he sent to mill yesterday."

"And when it comes, shall we return the peck we borrowed more than a month ago, from the widow Gray?"

"No," said the husband gruffly, "she can send for it when she wants it. John, do you go down to Mr. Brown's and ask him to lend me his axe to chop some wood this forenoon; ours is quite dull, and I saw him mending his last night. And James, do you go to Mr. Clark's and ask him to lend me a hammer—and do you hear? you may as well borrow a few nails, while you are about it?"

A little boy now enters and says, "Father sent me to ask if you had done with his hoe, which you borrowed a week ago last Wednesday; he wants to use it."

"Wants his hoe, child? What can he want with it? I have not half done with it yet—but if he wants it, I suppose he must have it. Tell him to send it back, though, as soon as he can spare it."

They sat down to breakfast. "O la!" exclaims Mrs. Green, "there is not a particle of butter in the house—James, run over to Mrs. Notable's, she always has excellent butter in her dairy, and ask her to lend me a plateful."

After a few minutes James returned: "Mrs. Notable says she has sent you the butter, but begs you to remember that she has already lent you nineteen platefuls, which are scored on the dairy door."

"Nineteen platefuls!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Green, holding up both her hands; "it is no such a thing—I never had *half* that quantity; and if I had, what is a little plateful of butter? I never thought of keeping an account of such a trifling affair—I declare, I have a great mind never to borrow any thing of that mean creature again, as long as I live."

After breakfast, Mr. Green must shave. His razor is out of order. "John, where is Mr. Smith's hone and strap?"

"I sent for it the other day, sir, and said he should be have the privilege of using it himself *someday*."

"Sent for it? Impudent! He might at least have waited till I was done with it. Well, go down to Stern's and ask him to lend me his best razor; tell him mine is so dull I can do nothing with it. I know he has an excellent one—for I saw him buy it last week at Mr. Grant's store. Be sure and get the new one."

A girl enters—"Mother sent me to see if you had done with the numbers of the Lady's book, [or perhaps the Constellation] which you borrowed from

several months ago. She says she would like to read it herself!"

"My dear child, why did not your mother send for it before? I declare I don't know where it is now. I lent it to somebody—I forget who! I'll make inquiry, and if I can find it, I will send it to her in the course of a few weeks."

In the afternoon it rains—"Wife, where is my great-coat?"

"My dear, your great-coat has got two great holes under the arm-pits; besides, it is so shabby I am ashamed to see you wear it. Can't we *borrow* one somewhere?"—Here, James, go to Deacon Davis's, and ask him if he will lend your father his new surtout, as it rains, and his is not fit to wear. He will take good care of it, and return it when he is done with it."—And so on to the end of the chapter.

A friend once informed us that about ten o'clock, one cold stormy evening in the month of February, when his family were about retiring for the night to their respective apartments, a loud rap was heard at the door, which on being opened, there entered a little urchin, who said his mammy, who lived but a few paces distant, had sent her respects, and wished to *borrow* a warming-pan to warm her bed, as the night was cold, and they had none in the house. The warming-pan was forthwith brought from the kitchen, and handed over to the little fellow; but he was not yet satisfied—"Mother says if you lend us the warming-pan, perhaps you would lend us some *coals* too, to put into it, as our fire is almost gone out!"—*Exeter News-Letter.*

### DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS.

By Mrs. Trollope.

We now furnish the remainder of our extracts from the Illinois Magazine, which want of room prevented appearing in the last number. The writer's remarks on the society of that beautiful and flourishing city—Cincinnati—are in perfect accordance with our own opinions.

"Although we find in the books published by foreign travellers in our country, statements of many circumstances in our manners and habits which it would be well for us to correct, yet the greatest number of the complaints made by them, when analyzed, amount simply to this, that we do not govern ourselves by European prejudices, nor, upon all occasions, adopt English follies, when we are not tempted to do so, either by our circumstances, our climate, our institutions, or the state of society. The cause and the effects of our rapid prosperity, and the generally diffused enjoyment of comfort, are among the sources of Mrs. T.'s heaviest complaints. The general prevalence of industry among all classes, which she complains of, as an evil, here produces its natural and legitimate effects, and increases our comforts and conveniences, with a rapidity altogether unexampled. And the difficulty of obtaining servants, is simply a proof that the poorer classes of society can generally live comfortable without being under the necessity of subjecting their daughters to the whims and caprices of such persons as Mrs. Trollope, who seem to consider that there are different casts in society, some of whom are born to be the servants of the others—who, in short, adopt the same ideas that prevail among our Southern brethren, but who do not, like them, think that these different casts are marked by nature, and distinguished by their color. In Cincinnati, where the scene of Mrs. T.'s troubles in this matter is laid, we have had the experience of a dozen years, and we have generally found that any services we need, may be purchased—at a higher price, indeed, than in Europe; but this only proves what we have above stated, that the laboring classes of the community are better situated here than there—a state of things which we heartily hope may long continue. There is no disinclination here to the performance of labors that are useful, or necessary to the well-being of society. But the evil which is so annoying to cockney travellers is, that none among us, whose labors are useful, are willing to consider themselves as degraded by the performance of them."

Although Mrs. Trollope's book was intended to be any thing but flattering to the citizens of Cincinnati, yet her statements, if duly analyzed and placed in their true light, (and if their truth could be relied on,) would be found to present a very favourable view, not

only of the present state, but, also, of the future prospects of this city.

The spirit of industry prevalent among all classes—the neglect of those childish attentions to unimportant matters, which have their origin in a state of society in which there is more wealth than good sense—and the want of such a class in the community as that of which she would form a component part—must appear to all persons of correct feelings and sound judgment, as excellences in our state of society, notwithstanding the sneering manner in which Mrs. T. speaks of them—endeavouring to make them appear as defects. To those who have had an opportunity of knowing what Mrs. T.'s character and tastes were, it will appear highly favorable to the character of our citizens, that she was not pleased with our state of society; and that her manner and opinions were not approved by us. It is, indeed, a proof of any thing more than the prevalence of plain, ordinary common sense, that the attempt to introduce a taste for private theatricals and frequent public balls—for tawdry, tinsel finery to cover over the filthiness that must be the natural consequence of indolence, and that inattention to ordinary duties, which the pursuit of pleasure would induce—and for that coarse, forward, masculine style of manners among our young ladies, which would relieve them of what she considers insipidity of character—it is not remarkable, we say, that such tastes could not be introduced among us by all the efforts that could be made by one who professes to be a great lover of ease and of pleasures; and it is not surprising that Cincinnati should appear to her to be a *triste* little city."

To those who cannot divest their minds of the idea, that society must be divided into two classes, one of which makes the pursuit of idle pleasures its business, and the other seeks every opportunity of indulging in them, in order to forget, for a short time, the toils and oppressions they are fated to suffer, without the hope of ever effecting a favourable change in their circumstances—with no alleviation of their cares and labors, but in transient snatches of such pleasures as are afforded by ostentatious display, or unrestrained indulgence, it is true, our city does not offer the attraction of numerous public amusements; but we believe it equally true, that there is not an equal number of people in the world, who enjoy more of the tranquil, quiet, unostentatious pleasures of life than its inhabitants; and we believe it is the aspect given to it by the taste for such pleasures, which forms the secret charm that induces so many to select it as their place of residence—the charm which makes so many pleased with it, they know not why. It is true, that we have no private theatricals, and few public balls, or other public amusements; we do not often use silver forks, nor countenance flirtations; and some of our private parties are dull; but it is equally true, that there are very few families among us—above the rank of the lowest class of the poor—very few families, composed of the industrious and prudent, and who have been among us long enough to have begun to experience the uniform effects produced by the exercise of those qualities—whose dwellings do not exhibit, by an appearance of ease and comfort, of neatness and attention to domestic enjoyments, that the inhabitants can appreciate the pleasures of life; and they show, by the frequent interchange of social visits among their neighbors, and by their general bearing, that their lives are any thing but *triste*, for the want of ostentatious public amusements.

The evils of a life of industry, when it meets with a reward sufficient to induce perseverance, are certainly not such as to make us join any of our European visitors in lamentations for the want of a system of idle pleasures; and the freedom which, according to their showing, we exercise in all matters with so little scruple, would as readily be displayed in foolish indulgencies, if we chose them in preference to rational enjoyments, as in other matters. But where civil freedom exists, and where some attention is paid to the cultivation of the mind among all classes, a very different taste, in regard to pleasures and amusements, will always be found to prevail, from that which exists in countries under arbitrary governments, or in which society is divided into two distinct classes—those of master and slave."

"The appellations of 'the old woman,' and 'the Englishwoman,' which her neighbors employed in

speaking of Mrs. T., and of which she complains so frequently, were probably used by them from mere delicacy, and were the result of their rustic, native politeness. Her name, as we have said, appeared to them so characteristic, that they felt as if it would appear insulting to use it in her hearing; and her style of dress and masculine stride in walking, made them think that it would be complimentary to designate her by any term that would show that they did not consider her a descendant of the aborigines; the females of which race—owing to our prejudices of education—are in much worse odor among us than even female cockney philosophers and witlings. The remark of Mrs. T., that there were but few families whom she left in this city with regret, is very flattering to us. Even the few that she did associate with, do not all merit the reputation which that circumstance, alone, would have the tendency to bring upon them. We know of some of those whom we suppose to be among the persons referred to. They possess so much of the milk of human kindness, which no experience can erode, that no defect of character prevents them from affording friendly offices, even to the most undeserving, whenever they are solicited; and the losses and misfortune which ever attend such a disposition, have not altered it. Others of those to whom she refers, may, perhaps be similar in character.

The most amusing parts of Mrs. Trollope's book, are those in which she gives the fruits of her imagination exclusively, as in her account of the scenery of the Alleghany between Uniontown and Hagerstown, for instance. These portions which she intends for caricatures—such as the conversations she details, and the various accounts of manners and customs in different parts of the Union—have not the merit of being even distorted resemblances. But in her statements of what we suppose she intends to be received as facts, she is neither amusing nor instructive, for although some of them may be true, yet we know so many to be absurdly false—for instance her information that 1400 houses were built in Cincinnati in one season—that our best fruits are inferior to those of England—that opposite to this city, in Kentucky, she found majestic chestnut trees, &c. &c.—that we are induced to believe that she must have made up her book without reference to her notes or to any of the sources of information that were within her reach."

The following challenge is from the Ithaca Journal; we are not at present aware of all "the impossibilities" which may be effected by *infatuate genius*; but should Mr. Strickland's offer pass unnoticed by the faculty, either professional—internal—or amateur—we shall then be constrained to allow that "the force of *physic* can no further go."

### FROCKLAWASHUM.

Whair as, moar over, nevertheless, the seylbrated Fire King is duin awl most impossibull feets in swallerin hot stufs, catin red hot sno bowls, tu the astonishm ent ov awl hoo seas him—This is to let sox no eye kan beet him, un if every body will cum whair eye B, ile swaller the follerin artikles, about as quick as Mammy Weed cood eat a red hot jony kake. Fore hogists bilin hot sope, red hot krobars by the acur, red hot potash by the tun, seven stemeboots, passengers and awl—dy bob sleds, wun spinnen jiny, 60 red hot Anti-Masons, 90 live skunks, wun rale rode, half dozen whay ships, wun iron foundry, tew nale factrees, 20 krahapple trees, 6 bushels bul frogs, 11 miles of the rocky mountains, 6 weeks the hottest weather in Jeuly, 6 barrels of gunpowder sich as kurnel shutes with, 43 live sturgins, 6 mad dogs, wun see sarpirnt, 2 dog churns, 5 caw mills, 20 hair traps all set, 6 bushels raw klams, 5 pacin hawses to settle my stummink.—Iph enny bodde kin beet that, I guess they'll skunk them air yankees down east, and they beet awl natur.

JOE STRICKLAND, JR.

The Liverpool (Pa.) Mercury quotes an advertisement from the Hingham Gazette, in which the writer states that he has "opened a school for young ladies. Also, a heavy wagon, which he would exchange for a cart." This, continues the Editor, reminds us of the reply of an old acquaintance of ours, a shopkeeper. He was asked by a lady if he had any white lace veils. "Why, no I havn't, but I've just got up a real lot of first chop potash kittles."

## MISCELLANY.

## ADVENTURES AMONG THE PIRATES.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG—(Continued.)

The Lieutenant had been required to consent to be mindfolded. He preceeds—

"I did so with the best grace I could, and was led below, where two beauties, with loaded pistols and a drawn knife each, obliged me with their society, one seated on each side of me on the small locker, like two deputy butchers ready to operate on an unfortunate victim. It had now fallen dead calm, and from what I heard I conjectured that the felucca was sweeping in towards the land with us in tow, for the sound of the surf grew louder and louder. By and by we seemed to slide beyond the long smooth swell into broken water, for the little vessel pitched sharp and suddenly, and again all was still, and we seemed to have sailed into some land-locked cove. From the lead echo of the voices on the deck, I judged that we were in a narrow canal, the banks of which were reflecting the sound; presently this ceased, and, although we skimmed along as mettlesome as before, I no longer heard the splash of the felucca's sweeps; the roar of the sea gradually sank in the distance, until it sounded like thunder, and I thought we touched the ground now and then, although slightly. All at once the Spanish part of the crew, for we still had a number of the felucca's people with us, sang out, 'Palanca,' and we began to pole along a narrow marshy lagoon, coming so near the shore occasionally, that our sides were brushed by the branches of the mangrove bushes. Again the channel began to widen, and I could hear the felucca once more ply her sweeps. In about ten minutes after this the anchor was let go, and for a quarter of an hour nothing was heard on deck but the bustle of people furling sails, coiling down the ropes, and getting every thing in order, as is usual in coming into port. It was evident that several boats had bearded us soon after we anchored, as I could make out part of the greetings between the strangers and Obed, in which my own name recurred more than once. In a little while all was still again, and Obed called down the companion to my guard, that I might come on deck, a boon that I was not long in availing myself of. We were anchored nearly in the centre of a shallow swampy lagoon, about a mile across, as near as I could judge; two very large schooners heavily armed, were moored a-head of us, one on each bow, and another rather smaller lay close under our stern; they had all sails bent, and every thing apparently in high order, and were full of men. The shore, to the distance of a few shot from the water all round us, was low, marshy, and covered with an impervious jungle of thick strong reeds; and wild canes, with here and there a thicket of mangroves; a little further off the land swelled into lofty hills covered to the very summit with heavy timber, but every thing had a moist, green, steamy appearance, as if it had been the region of perpetual rain. Lots of yellow fever here, thought I, at the rank smell of decayed vegetable matter came off on the faint sickly breeze, and the sluggish fog banks crept along the dull, clay-colored, motionless surface of the tepid water. The sea-view was shut out. I lay all round and could discern no vestige of the entrance. Right ahead there was about a furlong of land cleared at the only spot which one could call a beach, that is, a hard shore of sand and pebbles. Had you tried to get ashore at any other point, your fate would have been that of the Master of Ravenswood; as fatal that is, without the gentility; for you would have been suffocated in black mud, in place of clean sea-sand. There was a long shed in the centre of this cleared spot, covered in with boards, and thatched with palm leaves; it was open below, a sort of capstan-house, where a vast quantity of sails, anchors, cordage, and most kinds of sea stores were stowed, carefully covered over with a tarpauling. Overhead there was a flooring laid along the couples of the roof, the whole length of the shed, forming a loft of nearly sixty feet long, divided by bulkheads into a variety of apartments, lit by small rude windows in the thatch, where the crews of the vessels, I concluded were occasionally lodged during the time they might be under repair. The boat was manned, and Obed took me ashore with him. We landed near the shed I have described, beneath which we encountered about forty of the most uncouth and ferocious looking rascals that my eyes had ever been blessed with; they were of every shade, from the woolly Negro and long-haired Indian, to the sallow American and fair Biscayan; and as they intermixed their various occupations of mending sails, fitting and stretching rigging, splicing ropes, making spun yarn, cooping gun-carriages, grinding pikes and cutlasses, and filling cartridges, to look at me, they grinned and nodded to each other, and made sundry signs and gestures, which made me regret many a past peccadillo, that, in more prosperous times I little thought on or repented of, and I internally prayed that I might be prepared to die as I became a man, for my fate appeared to be sealed. The only ray of hope that shot into my mind, through all this gloom, came from the respect the thieves, one and all, paid the captain; and, as I had reaped the benefit of assuming an outer recklessness and daring, which I really did not at heart possess, I screwed myself up to maintain the same port still, and swaggered along, jabbering in my broken Spanish, right and left, and jesting even with the most infamous-looking scoundrels of the whole lot, while, Heaven knows, my heart was palpitating like a girl's when she is asked to be married. Obed led the way up a ladder into the loft, where we found several messes at dinner, and passed through several rooms, in which a number of ham-

mocks were slung, we at length arrived at the eastern end, which was boarded off into a room eighteen or twenty feet square, lighted by a small port-hole in the end, about ten feet from the ground. I could see several huts from this window, built just on the edge of the high wood, where some of the country people seemed to be moving about, and round which a large flock of pigs and twenty to thirty bullocks were grazing. All beyond, as far as the eye could reach, was one continuous forest, without any vestige of a living thing; not even a thin wreath of blue smoke evinced the presence of a fellow creature; I seemed to be hopelessly cut off from all succour, and my heart again died within me.

"I am sorry to say you must consider yourself a prisoner here for a few days," said Obed.

I could only groan.

"But the moment the coast is clear, I will be as good as my word, and land you at St. Jago."

I groaned again. The man was moved.

"I would I could do so sooner," he continued; "but you see by how precarious a tenure I hold my control over these people; therefore I must be cautious for your sake as well as my own, or they would make little of murdering both of us, especially as the fellow who would have cut your throat this morning, has many friends amongst them; above all, I dare not leave them for any purpose for some days. I must recover my seat, in which, by the necessary severity you witnessed, I have been somewhat shaken. So good by; there is cold meat in that locker, and some claret to wash it down with. Don't, I again warn you, venture out during the afternoon or night. I will be with you twice in the morning. So good-by so long. Your cot you see, is ready slung." He turned to depart, when, as if recollecting himself, he stooped down, and taking hold of a ring, he hauled up a trap door, from which there was a ladder leading down to the capstan-house. "I had forgotten this entrance; it will be more convenient for me in my visits."

In my heart I believe he intended this as a hint, that I should escape through the hole at some quiet opportunity; and he was descending the ladder, when he stopped and looked round greatly mortified, as it struck me. "I forgot to mention that a sentry has been placed, I don't know by whose orders, at the foot of the ladder, to whom I must give orders to fire at you, if you venture to descend. You see how the land lies; you can't help it." This was spoken in a low tone, then aloud—There are books on that shelf behind the canvas screen; if you can settle to them, they may amuse you." He left me, and I sat down disconsolate enough. I found some Spanish books, and a volume of Lord Byron's poetry, containing the first canto of Childe Harold, two numbers of Blackwood, with several other English books and magazines, the names of the *authors* of all of them being carefully crossed. But there was nothing else that indicated the marauding life of Oberiah, whose apartment I conjectured was now my prison, if I except a pretty extensive assortment of arms, pistols, and cutlasses, and a range of massive cases, with iron clamps, which were ranged along one side of the room. I paid my respects to the provender and claret; the hashed chicken was particularly good; bones rather large or so, but flesh white and delicate. Had I known that I was dining upon guinea, or large wood lard, I scarcely think I would have made so hearty a meal. Long cork, No. 2, followed ditto, No. 1; and as the shades of evening, as poet's say, began to fall by the time I had finished it, I toppled quietly into my cot, and fell asleep.

It must have been towards morning, from the damp freshness of the air that came through the open window, when I was roused by the howling of a dog, a sound that always moves me. I shook myself; but before I was thoroughly awake, it ceased; it appeared to have been close under my window. I was turning to go to sleep again, when a female, in a small, suppressed voice, sung a snatch of a vulgar Port-Royality.

The singer broke off suddenly, as if disturbed by the approach of some one.

"Hush, hush, you old foolish—said a man's voice in the same low whispering tone; 'You will waken de drunken sentry dere, when we shall all be put in iron. Hush, he will know my voice more better.'

It was now clear that some one wished to attract my attention; besides, I had a dreamy recollection of having heard both the male and female voices before, I listened therefore, all alive. The man began to sing in the same low tone.

'Newfoundland dog love him master de most

Of all de dog I ever see;  
Let him starve him, and kick him, and cuff him desore,  
Difference none never makes to he.'

There was a pause for a minute or two.

'It no use,' the same voice continued; 'him either no dere, or he won't hear us.' 'Stop,' said the female, 'stop; woman head good for something. I know who shall hear. Hers, good dog, sing psalm; good dog, sing psalm; and thereupon a long, loud, melancholy howl rose wailing through the night air. 'If that be not my dear old dog Sneezer, it is a deuced good imitation of him,' thought I. The woman again spoke—'Yowl leetle piece more, good dog,' and the howl was repeated. I was now certain. By this time I had risen, and stood at the open window; but it was too dark to see any thing distinctly below. I could barely distinguish two dark figures, and what I concluded was the dog sitting on end between them.—'Who are you? what do you want with me?'

'Speak softly, massa, speak softly, or the sentry may hear us, for all de rum I give him.'

Here the dog recognized me, and nearly spoiled sport altogether; indeed it might have cost us our

lives, for he began to bark and frisk about, and to leap violently against the end of the capstan house, in vain endeavours to reach the window. 'Down, Sneezer, down, sir; you used to be a dog of some sense; down.' But Sneezer's joy had capsized his discretion, and the sound of my voice pronouncing his name drove him mad altogether, and he bounded against the end of the shed, like a battering-ram.

"Stop, man, stop," and I held down the sight of my neck-cloth, with an end in each hand. He retired, took a noble run, and in a tree hooked his forepaws in the handkerchief and I hauled him in at the window. 'Now, Sneezer, down with you, sir, down with you, or your rampaging will get all our throats cut.' He cowered at my feet, and was still as a lamb from that moment. I stepped to the window. 'Now who are you, and what do you want?' said I. 'Ah, massa, you no know me!' 'How the devil should I! Don't you see it is as dark as pitch?' 'Well, massa, I will tell you; it is me, massa.' 'I make no great doubt of that; but who may you be?' 'Lord, you are de folks person now; make me talk to him,' said the female. 'Massa neber mind he, dat stupid fellow is my husband, and surely massa know me!' 'Now, my very worty friends, I think you want to make yourselves known to me; and if so, pray have the goodness to tell me your names, that is, if I can in any way serve you.' 'To be sure you can, massa; for that purpose I come here.' The woman hocked the word out of his mouth. 'Yes, massa, you must know me is Nancy, and dat old stupid is my husband Peter Mangrove, him who—' Here Peter claimed in—'Yes, massa, Peter Mangrove is de person you have de honor to address, and—' here he lowered his voice still more, although the dialogue from the commencement had been conducted in no higher tone than a loud whisper. 'We have secured one big large cañon, near the mouth of this dam hole, which, wid your help, I think we shall be able to launch thro de surf; and once in smooth water, den no fear but we shall run down de coast saidy before de wind till we reach St. Jago.'

My heart jumped against my ribs. Here's an unexpected chance, thought I. 'But Peter, how in the name of mundo jumbo, came you here?' 'Why, massa, you do forget a little, dat I am a Creole negro, and not a naked tattooed African, whose exploits, dat is de wonderful ting him never do in him's own country, him get embroidered and pinked in gunpowder on him breeches; beside, I am a Christian gentleman like yourself; so dañi mundo jumbo, Massa Cringle.' I saw where I had erred. 'So say I, Peter;—mundo jumbo particularly; but how came you here, man, tell me that?' 'Why, massa, I was out in de Pilot-boat schooner, wid my wife here, and five more hands, waiting for de outward bound, tinking no harm, when a piratical rascal catch we and carry us off. Yankee privateer had us night; but whoever hear of pilot being carry off? Masshemy dat, carry off pilot!' Who ever dream of such a ting! ever shivized peoples respect pilot—carry off pilot!—oh Lord!—and he grieved in spirit for several seconds. 'And the dog?' enquired I. 'Oh, massa, I could not leave him at home, and since you was good enough to board him wid us, he has mess'd wid us, ay, and kept wid us; and when we started last night, although he showed some dislike at going on board, I had only to say, Sneezer, we go look for your master, and he make such a bound, dat he capsized my old wain in dere, heel over head; oh dear, what display, Nancy, you was exhibit!' 'Hold your tongue, Peter; you hab no decency, you old villain.'

'Well, but Peter, speak out; when are we to make the attempt? where are the rest of the crew?' 'Oh dear! oh dear! dat is de worstest; oh dear!' and he began to sigh and sob like the veriest child. 'Oh, massa!—after he had somewhat recovered himself—'Oh, massa, dese people devils. Why, de make all de older on board walk de plank, wid two ten pound shot, one at each foot. Oh, if you had seen de clear shining blue skin, as de became leetle and leetle, and more leetle down far in de clear green sea! Oh dear! oh dear! Only to tink dat each wavering black spot was fellow creature like one-self, wid de heart's blood warm in his bosom at de very instant of time we lost sight of him forever!' 'God bless me,' said I; 'and how do you escape, and the black dog, and the black—ahem—leg pardon—your wife? I mean; how were you spared?' 'Ah, massa! I can't say; but bad as de were, de seemed to have a liking for brute beasts, so de sentry was still sound. I know de fellow, he was one on dem; let me see!—and I heard him through the loose flooring boards walk to the foot of the trap ladder leading up to my berth. The soliloquy that followed was very curious of its kind. The Negro had excited himself by a recapitulation of the cruelties exercised on his unfortunate shipmates, and the unwarrentable caption of himself and rib, a deal that in the nautical calendar would rank in atrocity with the murder of a herald, or the bearer of a flag of truce. He kept murmuring to himself, as he groped about in the dark for the sentry—'Catch pilot! who ever hear of such a ting? I suppose dem would have pull down light-house, if dere had been any for pull. Where is dis sentry rascal? him surely no sober yet?'

The sentry had fallen asleep as he leant back on the ladder, and had gradually slid down into a sitting position, with his head leaning against one of the steps, as he reclined with his back towards it, thus exposing his throat and neck to the groping paw of the black pilot. 'Ah—here him is, snoring heavy as my Nancy—well, drunk still; no fear of him overhearing we—nice position him lie in—quite convenient—could cut his throat now—slice him like a pumpkin—de devil is surely busy wid me, Peter. I find de very clasp-knife in my starboard pocket begin to open of himself.' I tapped on the floor with my foot. 'Ah, tank you, Massa Tom—de devil nearly get we all in a scrape just now. However I see him is quite sound—de sentry dat is, for de older never sleep, you know. He had again come under the window. 'Now Lieutenant, in two word, to-morrow night at two bells, in de middle watch, I will be here, and we shall make a start of it; will you venture, sir?' 'Will I?—to be sure I will; but why not now, Peter? why not now?' 'Ah, massa, you no smell de day-light; near day-bred already, sir. Can't make try dis night, but to-morrow night I shall be here punctual.' 'Very well but the dog, man? if he be found in my quarters, shall be blown, and I scarcely think he will leave me.' 'True enough, massa; what is to be done? De people know the dog was catch wid me, and if he found wid you, den dey suspect we communicate together. What is to be done?'

I was myself not a little perplexed, when Nancy whispered, 'de dog have more sense den many Christian person. Tell him he must go wid us tell him dis one night, no tell him dis night, else he wont; say dis one night, and dat if him dont, we shall all be deaded, try him mass.' I had benefited by some extraordinary hints before now, although, well as I knew the sagacity of the poor brute, I could not venture to hope it would come up to the expectations of Mrs Mangrove. 'But I'll try—Here Sneezer, here boy; you must go home with Peter to-night, or we shall all get into a deuced mess; so here, my boy, here is the light of the handkerchief again, so through the window you must go; come, Sneezer, come.' To my great joy and surprise, the poor dumb beast rose from where he had coked himself at my feet, and after having actually embraced me, by putting his forepaws on my shoulders, as he stood on his hind legs, and licked my face from ear to ear, uttering a low, fondling, nuzzling sort of whine, like a nurse caressing a child, he at once leapt on the window sill, put his forepaws through the handkerchief, and was dropped to the ground again. I could immediately perceive the two dark figures of the pilot and his wife, followed by the dog, glide away as noiselessly as if they had been spirits of the night, until they were lost under the shade of the thick jungle.

I turned in, and—what will not youth and fatigues do! I fell once more fast asleep, and never opened my eyes until Obed shook me in my cot, about eight o'clock in the morning. 'Good morning, Lieutenant. I have sent up your breakfast, but you don't seem inclined to eat it.' 'Don't you believe it, my dear Obed, I have been sound asleep till this moment; only stop till I have slipped on my—these shoes, if you please. Wait-a-bit—that will do. Now—coffee, fish, yams, and plantains, and biscuit, white as snow, and short—short eggs—and—zounds' claret to finish with.' Why, Obed, you surely don't desire that I should enjoy all these delicacies in solitary blessedness? 'Why, I intend to breakfast with you, if my society be not disagreeable.' 'Disagreeable? not in the least—quite the contrary. That black grouper looks remarkably beautiful. Another piece of yam if you please. Shall I fill you a cup of coffee, Obed?' For my own part, I always stow the ground tier of my cargo dry, and then take a top dressing. Write this down as an approved axiom with all thorough breakfast eaters. Why may, you are off your feed; what are you turning up your ear for, in that incomprehensible fashion, like a duck in thunder? A little of the claret—thank you. The very best butter I have eaten out of Ireland—now, some of that A-socado pear—and as for biscuit, Lemish never came up to it. I say, man—hillo, where are you—rouse ye out of your brown study, man.' 'Did you hear that, Mr. Cringle?' 'Hear what?—I heard nothing!' rejoined I; 'but hand me over that land crab.—Thank you—and you may send the spawl of that creeping thing along with it; that guana. I had a dislike to eating a lizard at first, but I have got it somehow!—and a thin slice of ham, a small taste of the unclean beast, Obed—peach-fel I'll warrant.'

There was a pause. The report of a great gun came booming along, reverberated from side to side of the lagoon, the echoes growing shorter and shorter, and weaker and weaker, until they growled themselves asleep in a hollow rumble like distant thunder. 'Ha, ha! Dick Gasket for a thousand! Old Blowhard has stuck in your skirts, master Obed—but Lord help us, man! let us finish our breakfast; he won't be here this half hour.' I expected to see mine host's forehead lowering like a thunder-cloud from my ill timed funning; but to my surprise, his countenance exhibited more amenity than I thought had been in the nature of the beast, as he replied—'Why Lieutenant, the felucca put to sea last night, to keep a bright lookout at the mouth of our cove here. I suppose that is him overhauling some vessel?' 'It may be so—hush! There's another gun—two?' Obed changed countenance at the double report. 'I say Obed, the felucca did not carry more than one gun when I saw her, and she has had no time to load and fire again.'

He did not answer a word, but continued with a piece of guana on the end of his fork in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, as if he had been touched by the wand of a magician. Presently we heard one or two dropping shots, quickly thickening into a rattle of musketry. He threw down his food, picked up his hat and trundled down stairs, as if the devil had kicked him. 'Pedro que hay.' I could hear him say to some one below, who appeared to have arrived in great haste, for he gasped for breath—'Aqui vine la felucca,' answered Pedro; 'perseguido por dos Lanchas Can-

oneras llenas de gente.' 'Abordo entones, Abordo todo el mundo, arma, arma, aqui vienen los Engleses, arma, arma.' And all from that instant was a regular hillabalo. The drums on board the schooners beat to quarters, a great bell which had been slung on the fork of a tree, formerly the ornament of some goodly ship, no doubt, clanged away at a furious rate, the crews were hurrying to and fro, shouting to each other in Creole Spanish, and Yankee English, while every cannon-shot from the felucca or the boats came louder and louder, and the small arms peppered away sharper and sharper. The shouts of the men engaged, both friends and foes, were now heard, and I could hear Obed's voice on board the largest schooner, which lay full in view from my window, giving orders, not only to his own crew, but to those of the others. I heard him distinctly sing out, after ordering them to haul upon the spring on his cable, 'Now, men, I need not tell you to fight bravely, for if you are taken, every devil of you must be hanged, so hoist away the signal!' and a small black ball flew up through the rigging, until it reached the maintopgallant-mast head of the schooner, where it hung a moment, and in the next blew out a large black swallow-tailed flag, like a comodore's broad pennant. 'Now,' shrieked he, 'let me see who dares give in with this voucher for his honesty flying aloft!'

(To be continued.)

#### THE WING OF THE SKYLARK.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Oh! skylark, for thy wine!  
Thou burst of joy and light,  
That I might soar and sing  
At Heaven's empyreal height!  
With the heathery hills beneath me,  
Whence the streams in glory spring,  
As the purple clouds to wreath me  
On, skylark! on thy wing!

Fies, free from earth-born fear,  
I would range the blessed sky,  
Through the light divinely clear,  
Where the low mists cannot rise!  
At a thousand joyous measures  
From my charmed heart thy old spring,  
Like the bright sun's onward treasure,  
As I wosel'd on thy wing.

But all the silver cords,  
That bind the heart are spun,  
From gentle mirth and words,  
And kind eyes that make our sun!  
Tis some low sweet nest returning,  
How soon my love would bring,  
There, where the dews of morning,  
O, skylark! on thy wing!

#### MEANS FOR ATTAINING WEALTH.

There lived once, at Marseilles, a rich merchant, who received one morning, through the hands of a young man, a letter strongly recommending the bearer to his notice: the young man was of good fortune, and wanted only an introduction to society; he brought also a letter of credit to a large amount. The merchant, after having read the letter of recommendation, instead of either throwing it aside as waste paper, or shutting it up in a drawer, examined it, and finding that it covered one only of the four sides of the sheet, tore it in two, placed the written half in a leaf of his portfolio, and then, folding the other half, so that it would serve for writing a note, put it into another portfolio which already contained a number of similar papers. Having completed his little measure of economy, he turned towards the young man, and invited him to dinner for that very day. The youth, accustomed to a life of elegance and luxury, felt but little inclination for dining with a man who could thus appropriate the privileges of the *chiffonnier*, by depriving him of his waste paper; he accepted the invitation, however, and promised to return at four o'clock. But as he descended the narrow staircase from the counting-house of his banker, his mind rapidly reverted to the observations he had made upon that small gloomy room, with the two long offices which led to it, encumbered with ledgers that were half smothered in dust and smoke, and where ten or a dozen young persons were working in silence, whose faces appeared to his jaundiced eyes like perfect skeletons. He thought of the windows plastered with a thick coat of mud, through which no ray of the beautiful sun of Provence could ever penetrate; the little oval of box-wood, filled with saw-dust, to serve for powder, the broken writing desk, the dressing-gown of the banker; and all these recollections rushing at once upon his mind, produced the reflection, 'I have done a foolish thing in accepting this invitation; but no matter, a day is soon passed.' The duties of the banker were discharged rather for his own satisfaction than in compliment to the host who expected him; and that done, he proceeded to the street of Rome, where his banker's house was situated. As the latter had told him his wife did not live in the part of the mansion occupied by the counting-house, he begged on arriving to be conducted to the lady. A number of valets in rich liveries led him across a small garden, filled with rare and exotic plants, and after conducting him through several apartments sumptuously furnished, introduced him to a handsome drawing-room, where he found his banker, who presented him to his wife and mother; the former was young and pretty, the latter not yet old, and both were dressed in rich stuffs, and adorned with fine pearls and sparkling diamonds, which attested the wealth of the honest and laborious head of the family; he himself was no longer the personage his guest had seen in the morning; he seemed to have left behind, amongst the lusty ledgers and portfolios, the man of the black velvet cap and woollen dressing-gown; while the man-

ners and conversation of fifteen or twenty visitors, who were assembled in the drawing-room, led to the inference that his house was one of the best, if not the very best in the city. Dinner was served, and the young stranger became convinced that it was so. The viands were excellent, the wines exquisite, the table covered with an abundance of massive silver plate; in short the young traveller was obliged mentally to admit, that he had never partaken of more delicate fare, or seen a greater display of magnificence; and he was more than ever confounded upon ascertaining from one of the persons near him, that the banker gave a similar entertainment twice a week. While coffee was serving, he ruminated on all that he had witnessed; but his young ideas had to arrange themselves into that mutual dependence of cause and effect which would easily have brought the whole to the level of his understanding. 'Young man,' said his host, tapping him on the shoulder, 'you are absent, and almost pensive, have you made a bad dinner?' But the expression of his eyes and the inflection of his voice in pronouncing these words seemed to mean: 'Has not your fear of a bad dinner yet vanished?' The young man blushed, as if he had really heard the latter sentence; but the good financier understood his blush, and laughing said, 'No offence! you are too young to understand how masses are formed, the true and only power, whether composed of money, water, or men, it is all alike. A mass is an immense centre of motion, but it must be begun, it must be kept up. Young man, the little bits of paper which excited your derision this morning, are one among the means I employ for attaining it.' 'A fine story this, that you have been telling us, Bonaparte,' said Josephine, smiling; 'to me the most marvellous part of it, that you have been speaking for a quarter of an hour together, and that to women only!' 'I did not forget that, I assure you,' replied he, winking to us: 'do you think I should have preached in the same way to men?' They never require it.' I was much struck afterwards by this idea of masses as the foundation of power.'—*Mad. Jules.*

#### ACCURACY OF THE FRENCH POLICE.

"This story reminds me of another and very amusing one respecting M. de Sartines. He had a friend for whom he entertained a fraternal attachment. Such friendships are sometimes dangerous; but be this as it may, his affection was as warm as two compatriots might be supposed to entertain for each other in Memomata, with no other civilized being near. His friend, on the other hand, thought it advisable to play the Monomataian in earnest, but in quite a different sense, as will presently appear. One day, in the course of conversation, the friend said, 'The police is a fine thing, to be sure! I am sure nothing useful ever comes to your knowledge; you learn only what you are intended to know!' M. de Sartines grew angry. To doubt the alertness of his myrmidons was to dispute his omnipotence; for his credit at Versailles rested entirely on their unparalleled ingenuity in tracing the most difficult clues. He asked his friend in a tone of defiance, whether he would not be much astonished to hear the most circumstantial detail of every thing he had done and said for a whole week. A secret reflection made the latter smile at the proposal. 'Well, let us try,' said he; 'I consent; but I wager a hundred louis that your hounds are at fault; and remember, all you may accomplish will stand for nothing if a single hour is unaccounted for.' 'That is a matter of course,' said M. de Sartines. The two friends shook hands upon it, and the execution of the enterprize was to commence the next day. On the second morning, the scout who was charged with watching the friend, and whose new surveillance allowed a holiday to the pickpockets and cut purses of Paris, made his appearance before M. de Sartines and delivered his report; which specified that the party had risen at nine o'clock, had put on his slippers and dressing-gown, had sneezed, yawned, and coughed for a quarter of an hour, then had taken chocolate, read the *Mercurie de France* and one of Feron's bulletins; had written a note, but it was not known to whom, because he had instantly put it into his pocket, where even an emissary of police could not follow; but it was a love-letter, that was ascertained, for the paper was perfumed, and the note folded in a particular manner.—It was decidedly a love-letter. After this the friend had walked to the Tuilleries, taken a few turns on the river terrace, then walked three times up and down a certain portion of the centre alley: had saluted Mademoiselle Arnould three times, Madame Dugazon once, Mademoiselle Gauvin twice; then had dined at M. Le Premier's, because one cannot stay in the garden for ever saluting one's friends, however charming. After dinner he had been Madame Le Premier's partner at cribbage, had won eight louis, and nobly lost them again at quince. After this, he had been to the Opera, had directed his glass to all the boxes and scrutinized all the ladies—one especially. After the Opera he had supped with M. de Sartines; it appeared, said the report, that he must have made an indifferent dinner, for he supped like a half-famished man: he ate of five or six dishes, and, to do the spy justice, M. de Sartines found the delicacies of his table scrupulously recapitulated. But, Monseigneur, said the last lines of the report, my comrades and I found it equally impossible to discover what became of M. de —— on leaving your hotel; his carriage drove with such rapidity that no human being could keep pace with it.' 'What, wretch!' exclaimed M. de Sartines, 'you have been wearying me to death these two hours with insipid details about slippers and dressing-gowns, and eating; and then you lose

the scent at the very moment it should be most acute. Take care that you succeed better to-morrow; I must know how every moment of M. de ——'s time is employed.' 'My dear friend,' said he, the next day, 'I have heard news of you, as I will prove at the end of the week. Ah! ah! ah!' This is the way you proceed! stay, I will give you a bit of friendly advice: do not seek the company of actresses so much. Yesterday, at the Tuilleries, you were seen with the most fascinating ones; I do not like to see you the dupe of such infatuation;—and afterwards at the Opera! Take my advice, choose better company. The real pleasures of the heart are not to be met with in so low a sphere. You understand me?' 'Yes, indeed,' answered his friend, 'and so much the more readily, that I have not waited to receive your advice before I followed it.' 'Really?' said M. de Sartines, with a look of surprise. 'Really, yes?' 'Then you will make me your confidant?' 'Certainly not; it is your part to find out all you want to know; I am mute.' M. de Sartines, whose curiosity was excited by his friend's expression, awaited with still greater impatience the next day's report; but was again disappointed. The slippers, the dressing-gown, the chocolate, all appeared in their turn; but from midnight to one o'clock M. de —— disappeared, as if by enchantment, and no trace of him could be any means be found. M. de Sartines flew into a passion and told his scouts. 'I discharge you all, unless you bring me to-morrow such a report as I have required.' The good people thus menaced looked at each other as they left their master's cabinet. 'What is to be done?' said one to the leader. 'There is no alternative,' replied he, and communicated his plan. The following morning M. de —— had just put on his slippers, and thrust his arms into the sleeves of the dressing-gown so well described in the informer's reports, and was about to seat himself before a cup of tea; smoking and savoury coffee, the precise quality of which had been recited, his lips had just relaxed into a triumphant smile of roguish malice, when his valet announced three men who were earnestly desirous to see him; they begged, said the valet, 'as a particular favour, to be admitted.' M. de —— was not inaccessible; he ordered that they should be introduced, and then sent away his valet. 'M. le Comte,' said the chief of the party, in a supplicating accent, 'you would not deprive brave men, all fathers of families, of their subsistence. We come to beg you will save our lives; for if we are dismissed from our vocation, we shall no longer have bread, and no resource will be left us, but to hang or drown ourselves!' So saying, all threw themselves on their knees. 'My good friend,' cried M. de —— hastening to raise them, 'for Heaven's sake what is the matter with you? How can I influence your fate? I do not understand you!' 'Alas! your wager with M. de Sartines is the matter in question; we are to inform him of your proceedings from minute to minute. We are fully acquainted with them—but—' M. de —— began to unroll the mystery. 'But, you understand, M. le Comte, it is impossible we can say that you are visiting Madame de Sartines at the hours when we are compelled to pretend that we lose sight of you; and yet we must speak. Either permit us to invent a falsehood, or change your direction.' M. de —— looked at the chief speaker, and smiled. 'Thou art a clever fellow,' said he, throwing him a purse filled with gold. 'There, divide that with thy comrades—I lose my wager.' He tried their discretion no further, as may be supposed, but admitted the accuracy of their next report, and acknowledged himself vanquished; while M. de Sartines, rubbing his hands, repeated, 'I was confident of it! how could you think, my dear fellow, that any thing could be concealed from a lieutenant-general of police?'—*Lord. Spec.*

FETE AT THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD'S.—The following are extracts from the notice of this magnificent entertainment.

"The splendour of the Marquis of Hertford's Ball, in the Regent's Park, precludes all description. The whole suite of rooms from the Conservatory, running in a direct line, were thrown open, leading to the magnificent and spacious Ball-room, and thence by a flight of steps, to the equally spacious Supper-room, from which eminence the *coup d'œil* of the animated scene all was, beautiful in the extreme. \*

"Through the trees might be discerned a large ball of fire, resembling the sun casting its golden rays through the beautiful conservatories, and on the fountain that was playing within. \*

"A distinct part was arranged in the centre of the Supper-room, for the Members of the Royal Family, who seemed to be much delighted; entering very familiarly into conversation with various individuals of distinction; but they did not stop sufficiently late to partake of any refreshment. The 'little circle' of distinction was then opened for the rest of the company; the beautiful Miss Strachan taking the lead.

The spaciousness of the Supper-room, which contained every luxury imaginable, notwithstanding the numerous company, afforded every body an opportunity of getting refreshment, without the inconvenience of a crowd so usually attending other Supper-rooms. At about three o'clock, there was a general call for reels and country-dances; the latter were first danced, and in true English style, forming two rows the whole length of the ball-room. Reels now succeeded, and were danced with great spirit. \*

"The whole range of apartments presented one blaze of light and splendour; and the evening being fine, the grounds to the verge of the lake were brilliantly illuminated. The company began to assemble about ten o'clock, and before eleven there were six hundred persons, many of them of the highest rank in the country, including the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. At intervals there was a display of fireworks on the lawn, in every variety of form. The supper was served upon a large table in the centre of the principal room, to thirty or forty at a time. It was cold, and consisted of every possible variety, both native and exotic. The table was constantly replenished, until all the company had amply regaled themselves with most delicious viands. The noble and hospitable Marquis, notwithstanding his lameness, arising from gout, contrived to be every where,—paying the greatest possible attention, and administering to the comforts or luxuries of his guests. The sun

began to shine upon the surface of the lake before the whole of the company had taken their departure. \*

"The harmony of the fete was disturbed about one o'clock on Wednesday morning, by a sudden illness attacking the Marchioness of Londonderry, who was conveyed in the arms of her Lord to a sofa in the Library, and on her Ladyship's recovering, she was conveyed to a carriage and taken home. Medical aid was called in, and we are happy to state that the cause for alarm has ceased. \*

"As soon as the Duchess of Cumberland had taken her seat in the ball-room, the Duke of Wellington advanced, bent, and kissed her Royal Highness's hand."

## THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1832.

### AMERICAN POETS.

We observe, in the Philadelphia Album, an article, in which the poets of this country—or rather the rhymers, for the author of this precious morsel of criticism, denies that we have, or ever have had any poets—are spoken of in a spirit of such palpable fault-finding, and so unjustly withheld, that we cannot refrain from giving it a passing notice. It is a duty, indeed, incumbent upon the presses of America to guard and defend the reputation of her writers not less from these scoundrel attacks at home, than from those more deliberate blows aimed at it from abroad. The latter, it may be thought, were now a work of supererogation; for the question so tantalizingly asked a few years since, from the other side of the water—"Who reads an American work?" has been abundantly answered by the clear and favourable opinion which has more recently been expressed through foreign journals of our literary productions, and by the decided reputation in which those works are now almost universally held abroad. The character of our literature has been simply redefined by an Irving, a Cooper, a Bryant, a Sprague, and a Hallé—amidst which the author of this article seems to be ignorant of these facts, and asks of Bryant, "What has he ever written?" In truth, we fear that he has never read this, or any of the productions of this author, though he alludes to some of them by name—he probably was deterred from entering on so profitless a task by the comparative levity of the "pretty little verses"—they wanted, in his estimation, that necessary qualification of a great poem—great length—and therefore he would none of them. Oh no! his mind is engaged on greater works—on loftier themes and more magnificent subjects. He must have great poems—he must dine on epic and sop on cantos—then only can he feel satisfied with the feast.

In proof of the position that we have no great poets, and have never had any, our reviewer says, "let any one of correct taste turn to Kettle's specimens of American poetry, three large volumes published in 1820, and embracing within their pages *all that has ever appeared of American poetry deserving of mention, and he will be disgusted rather than delighted with the productions of our sons of song.*" Indeed, Mr. Reviewer! Can this be true? If one should chance not to be disgusted with every thing deserving of mention as American poetry, must he forsake all pretensions to correct taste? Really, we know not which most to admire, the modest pretensions which you set up to literary acumen, or the unqualified contempt with which you regard every thing of American origin. But you must allow us to correct a mistake or two of yours on this subject. You say that when Mr. Kettle compiled these volumes, he did so with an express design of collecting *all* that was worthy of notice in this department of literature. Now, so far was this from being the case, it was stated, if we recollect aright, to be the object of the compiler to bring together specimens only of American poetry—it was not designed to make a selection of beauties of American poetry—still less to publish *all* that was worthy the name of poetry. You say, too, that the book fell still-born from the press, and that it has never been republished in this or any other country. That the book accomplished what it proposed to do, we fearlessly assert, and if it be not found in your own library, we can point to the libraries of many classical scholars and men of sound taste, in which it holds a place, and a conspicuous place. We will add, sir, for your information, that the work has been reprinted in London—but our limits forbid our saying more at present, though we may resume the subject hereafter.

TALES AND NOVELS, by Maria Edgeworth. The Messrs. Haupers are publishing an edition of the works of this enchanting writer—excepting only the more juvenile tales.

The first volume, just issued, contains Castle Rackrent, Irish Bills, Self Justification, and the Moral Tales. It is printed on fine paper, and embellished with two handsome steel engravings. The whole will be complete in nine volumes, giving the contents of eighteen volumes of the English edition.

The writings of Miss Edgeworth need not our praise. The felicity of conception, beauty of style, and moral tendency of the tales of this sweet writer,

—is requisite to produce works of this description, which are so imperishable in their effects, is to us a new canon in the laws of criticism. Try our poets by these laws, and we venture to assert that they will hold as conspicuous a place in the ranks of poets—even if they do not in the library of our reviewer—as many of those of acknowledged reputation abroad. Take, for example, the ode written by Sprague, on the jubilee of Shakspeare, and we ask where in the whole range of English poetry, excepting only Collier's Ode to the Passions, is there any thing of a similar character surpassing this production? And where, too, is to be found the satirical poem, of greater finish and keenness of wit, at the same time possessing more of the ingredients of true poetry, than the poem by the same author on Curiosity? We say to our reviewer, compare these poems with those of the same class, written by British bards, and they will not suffer by the comparison.

Are these poems the mere effusions of puny rhymers, from which we are to withhold all praise? Are they destined to die with the occasions which gave them birth, and to be heard of no more after they have once been uttered by the lips which first breathed them? Most grievously are we deceived in our estimate of these works, that they do not live long, long after our day and the day of our reviewer, even if in his opinion they be "great productions, and do not show extraordinary merit, or a wonderful gift of inspiration." We might instance likewise those beautiful lines to a Waterfall, by Bryant, which the poet, Campbell, repeated at a public literary dinner not long since in London, with remarks of the most complimentary character to their to him unknown author, and which our Irving, at the same dinner, felt himself proud to acknowledge as the production of a countryman—we forbear citing these lines in vindication of our poets, for our reviewer seems to be ignorant of these facts, and asks of Bryant, "What has he ever written?"

In truth, we fear that he has never read this, or any of the productions of this author, though he alludes to some of them by name—he probably was deterred from entering on so profitless a task by the comparative levity of the "pretty little verses"—they wanted, in his estimation, that necessary qualification of a great poem—great length—and therefore he would none of them. Oh no! his mind is engaged on greater works—on loftier themes and more magnificent subjects. He must have great poems—he must dine on epic and sop on cantos—then only can he feel satisfied with the feast.

In proof of the position that we have no great poets, and have never had any, our reviewer says, "let any one of correct taste turn to Kettle's specimens of American poetry, three large volumes published in 1820, and embracing within their pages *all that has ever appeared of American poetry deserving of mention, and he will be disgusted rather than delighted with the productions of our sons of song.*" Indeed, Mr. Reviewer! Can this be true? If one should chance not to be disgusted with every thing deserving of mention as American poetry, must he forsake all pretensions to correct taste? Really, we know not which most to admire, the modest pretensions which you set up to literary acumen, or the unqualified contempt with which you regard every thing of American origin. But you must allow us to correct a mistake or two of yours on this subject. You say that when Mr. Kettle compiled these volumes, he did so with an express design of collecting *all* that was worthy of notice in this department of literature. Now, so far was this from being the case, it was stated, if we recollect aright, to be the object of the compiler to bring together specimens only of American poetry—it was not designed to make a selection of beauties of American poetry—still less to publish *all* that was worthy the name of poetry. You say, too, that the book fell still-born from the press, and that it has never been republished in this or any other country. That the book accomplished what it proposed to do, we fearlessly assert, and if it be not found in your own library, we can point to the libraries of many classical scholars and men of sound taste, in which it holds a place, and a conspicuous place. We will add, sir, for your information, that the work has been reprinted in London—but our limits forbid our saying more at present, though we may resume the subject hereafter.

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have placed her productions among those standard works which should be found in every library.

ADVICE IN THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE, by Samuel L. Knapp. This is the title of a neat volume, issued last week, by J. K. PORTER, 144 Fulton-street. The objects of the author, who is favorably known in the walks of Literature, is to advise those who have a taste for reading, but have not a favorable opportunity of making a judicious selection of authors—in a course best calculated to improve their taste. The work is dedicated to the members of the Mercantile Library. Its plan, agreeable style, and valuable selections from the works of the best Poets, are calculated to render it popular and very saleable.

The following extract from the first chapter is beautiful in thought and expression:

"In our course of training the mind, we should look back, as well as go forward; we should make ourselves masters of the past ages of knowledge, as well as possessors of the floods of light which are now pouring in upon us. I glory in seeing colleges arise, and the corner-stones of universities laid; but these institutions alone will never make a literary people of us. This great object can only be effected by enlightening the community at large. There were no great artists in Greece or Italy until a good taste was generally diffused among them. To bring us to a high standard of literature, female enthusiasm and taste must be brought in aid of the cause. Letters must, before that day comes, take the place of a thousand trifling amusements that now fill up the measure of time that can be spared from important duties. These portions of time, even if they are mere shreds, may, by method and perseverance, be made up into something of importance. The good housewife, by carefully saving the shreds as she makes up her family war-shirts, and by occupying some of her leisure hours in sewing them together, is soon ready for a quilting-match—a union of industry and amusement. Then starts from the frame a variegated patch-work of a thousand pieces, of all hues—a *comforter* in the cold and storms of winter time—a thing twice blessed, in the industry of her who made it, and in the gratitude of those made happy by its warmth."

Literature, to have its full effect, must be generally diffused. It must not be confined to any class of the community, but open to all, and encouraged by all. We must not look for the spirit of literature in the pulpit and halls of legislation, or school-rooms only; but must find it, like the sweet breeze of the summer's morn, in all our walks, and in all our household domains, passing from the library to the toilet, from the toilet to the nursery, and there kindling the eye of the mother and opening the ruddy lips of the infant."

A six foot Kentuckian was not long since travelling in the interior of Pennsylvania, when he put up for the night at a Dutch tavern, where he was excessively annoyed by those tormentors of human flesh and blood, which time out of mind have been the peculiar denizens of unclean beds. In the morning when the rest of his fellow passengers had paid their fare, our Kentuckian stepped up to the landlord, and in a voice of thunder enquired the price of beef in that vicinity.

"De price of beef?" responded the half frightened and half wonder-struck tavern-keeper.

"Yes, what is beef a pound in your village?"

"Why fish, let me see—fish six pence a pound."

"Here then," said the Kentuckian, "take that!"—at the same time throwing down on the counter a silver dollar.

"Dat! and vat ish dat for, Mynheer six-footer?"

"Half of it is for my bed and board—and half to purchase beef!"

"Beef for vat?"

"For the d—n hungry bugs in your beds—they came nigh eating me up alive—look here—and here—and here"—said he, at the same time showing the bites and marks of blood on his face, arms and legs."

"Do you mean to insinuate that my beds are buggy?" said the landlord, stepping round in a great passion.

"Buggy! to be sure I do—and that you are bot one door off from being a murderer—had it been a thin consumptive fellow that had slept where I did last night, instead of me, he would have been a dead man before morning—and to guard against such a catastrophe, I make a present to you of that money—buy beef with it, and feed your bugs every night before putting any body into your beds."

The Dutchman was forced to submit to the joke—the Kentuckian all the while looking fiercely at him in the face, and keeping as cool and determined as if it was a case of life and death.

NEWSPAPERS.—The following satire is from the Boston Transcript; we believe there is more truth in it than some persons would be willing to allow; it is an annoyance even worse than borrowing, to say nothing of the paltry spirit that could stoop to such a

degradation in a country which abounds with cheap and useful papers:—

Do you take a newspaper, neighbor? "Yes." What one? "Take? egad, why I take all I can lay my hands on!"

### THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre. Mr. and Miss Kemble appeared on Thursday evening of last week in Romeo and Juliet. We had only an opportunity of witnessing parts of two acts, but in these we were forcibly struck with the peculiar beauties in the performance of these talented strangers. The character of Juliet is not one in which the personator is likely to elicit so much applause as in many others, but there were scenes in which the chaste acting of Miss Kemble was properly appreciated. In the balcony, the innocent, confiding and affectionate girl was most admirably portrayed, while in the scene with her nurse, when the banishment of her husband is spoken of, and it is suggested that his return being impossible, she should encourage the addresses of another—we discover the strong points of Miss Kemble's acting. The tears of the lovely, broken-hearted girl, are instantaneously dried, and with the pride and scorn of an insulted wife, she orders from her presence her in whom previously she had placed her confidence. The immediate change of attitude and countenance, the loftiness of carriage, proud and scornful expression of her eyes, evidence more powerfully than words could express the workings of the mind.

Mr. Kemble's Romeo was all that it has been described—a model for others to fashion by. In the balcony scene were all the blandishments of love-sick youth—lacking only perhaps a little of its elasticity; and in the scene at the Friar's cell, when informed of the sentence passed upon him, the thrilling horror and despair of a young and daring husband, separated forever from the lovely being he had just espoused, was admirably given.

On Friday evening, Miss Kemble played Lady Teazle, and Mr. Kemble Charles Surface, in the sequel for Scandal. We were not so much gratified with Miss Kemble's performance as on the previous evenings—not that her playing was less pleasing, but that there is in Comedy less field for the display of those mental passions in which, we conceive, she particularly excels. In the scene, however, where the hypocrite cautiously discloses his views—in her *en pass* by the falling of the screen, and in the home narration of the facts which led to it, we believe she cannot be excelled by any *Lady Teazle* of this day. In the character of Charles Surface, Mr. Kemble most admirably portrayed the gentleman, wild, thoughtless and extravagant, but honorable and generous. The acting was true to nature. In Sir Peter Teazle, our old favorite, Placide, was what he always is—good—very good. There is no actor on the boards who deserves more commendation, nor one who receives more universal plaudits, as was the case this evening from a very crowded audience. Mr. Bayly was extremely good in Joseph Surface, and indeed every part in the piece was well sustained.

On Monday evening, Venice Preserved drew a very full attendance of fashionables. Miss Kemble appeared in Belvidera, and Mr. Kemble in Pierre. Here again was a field for the display of those rare attainments which Miss Kemble possesses—and we were again gratified with their exhibition. Mr. Kemble's Pierre was excellent; he looked and moved all that we can imagine in the character. Mr. Keppell's Jaffier was very fair.

Our old friend Blanchard has closed his engagement at the Bowery, and returned to England; he sailed in company with Mr. Tuthill, in the packet ship Wm. Byrnes, on Saturday, for Liverpool.

It is now fully arranged that the Italian Opera Company will open at the Richmond Hill in the first week in October.

Miss Hughes and Mr. Horn have been giving concerts in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. They were exceedingly well received by crowded and respectable audiences.

MR. ANDERSON AND JONATHAN.—The former gentleman, of the Park Theatre and Boston memory, has published in one of the London journals a good round tale, "with embellishments," of his reception in the U.S., and which has been copied into most of the leading journals in this country; such of our readers who may remember the Drury Lane affair with Mad. Vestris, and his pranks during his residence at Bath (England), will be at no loss to account for the spirit which has propagated such interesting "facts." To quote the language of our "learned brother" Mr. Joseph Strickland, Jr., Mr. A.'s astonishing statement "beats all nature,"—"open pen knives and ladies combs" included.

Smoking appears to have been nearly as prevalent in the 17th century as at the present day, for among the standing orders of the House of Commons, issued



From the *Atlas*,  
MRS. TROLLOPE.

A good deal of our space to-day is taken with a subject that has been much before the public, in one form or other, for several months:—we refer to the distinguished work of *Mrs. Trollope*, on the Domestic Manners of the Americans. The nature of her ladyship's comments, on what a "rude, unmannerly" people she encountered, in her sojourn on this side of the Atlantic—how eloquently and feelingly she has sketched and *pictured*, literally, the annoyances of her comfort, the insults to her dignity, and the grievances of her spirit, at discovering the degenerate condition of American deportment, American politics, American education, American religion—alas! on no hearsay evidence is this sad story founded, but the lady's own reluctant experience—*queque ipsa misericordia*—all this is well known, and, we doubt not, duly appreciated.

Our object, therefore, is not to repeat the lady's descriptions, nor to invoke sympathy for her sufferings, nor to congratulate her on the success she has obtained therefor, from the London booksellers.

The volumes of *Mrs. Trollope* were first made known to the public by the authoritative declaration in her favour of the London Quarterly Review. The whole of the lesser tribe of critics followed; some on the one side, some on the other. Of their opinions, in many instances, the readers of the *Atlas* are informed. The sentiments of the Quarterly, though their tone is probably well understood, our readers have, however, had no direct means of ascertaining. Circumstances induced us to omit quotations at the outset, and the frequent allusions to the subject in other forms have been a sufficient reason why we have adhered to this silence. Now, however, the matter comes up afresh, and in a new light. The great literary and political rival and antagonist of the Quarterly has just spoken—in an article of much length—entitled "The Americans and their Detractors"; and this has afforded us an opportunity to bring before our readers, in accordance with the principles of the *Atlas*, the spirit of both parties in the debate. In this attempt we have endeavoured to seize, as far as we have proceeded in the task, the most prominent points of opinion, and of difference, and to place them, as nearly as could be done, in *puncta-position*. This affords the best means of comparison, and the fairest view of premises. A very large part of the article in the Quarterly is made up of extracts from the harshest parts of *Mrs. Trollope's* production. That in the Edinburgh, having a more general aim, is almost solely an essay by the Reviewer, in which *Mrs. Trollope* is a prominent figure, indeed, but her volume is little quoted in the same way. Although it might display more strikingly the temper of the Quarterly to follow it in the extracts, yet the entire work of the lady traveller being now extensively read, we forego the pursuit, in order to economise our room.

With these remarks, we refer the reader to our compilation. It will be continued, should a favourable opportunity exist. We mistake, if after a perusal of the response of the Edinburgh Reviewer, the reader shall not decide that the defence of the United States is safely entrusted to his pen.

In conclusion we have a piece of news.—There is just announced in London, "The Refugee in America"—a novel, by *Mrs. Trollope*. None will question her ladyship's possessing a strongly developed talent for *works of fiction*.

THE QUARTERLY AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEWER.

QUARTERLY.

This is exactly the title-page we have long wished to see, and we rejoice to say that, now the subject has been taken up, it is handled by an English *lady* of sense and acuteness, who possesses very considerable power of expression, and enjoyed unusually favourable opportunities for observation. A book of travels in any country, by a person so qualified, might be considered valuable; but assuredly it was most wanted in the case of America, and especially at this moment, when so much trash and falsehood pass current respecting that "terrestrial paradise of the west."

We have had, at least, enough of late years of the politics of the United States, and have been sickened over and over again by the preposterous praises of those republican institutions which are to eclipse, in their national consequences, all the glories of Europe in war, in letters, and in all the graces of life. We should pass over such things with the transient hopeless shrug of the shoulders with which we dismiss the periodical nonsense of a radical newspaper paragraph, were it not that America and her institutions are held up, not only for admiration, in this country, but very often for imitation, if not in their whole extent, at least in many particulars, respecting which the two countries are so totally dissimilar, that any political comparison between them—except for the purpose of contrast—is utterly useless. Nothing is so easy as speculating in our closets on the probable effects of any given arrangement of public affairs; and if the results of such imaginary politics were confined to the Utopias in which their ingenious authors gave them birth, we should have no objection to their theories. But when they are boldly intruded upon the notice of the country as formulae for actual practice, we feel it our duty, not to take these speculative conclu-

sions for granted, but to turn the "telescope of truth" to the existing facts themselves, and through the medium of an intelligent traveller's optics, "bring life near in utter nakedness." In this spirit we have read *Mrs. Trollope's* book with interest and instruction—we may add, with great amusement; for it is written with much humour, and is eminently graphic throughout—touching, with singular skill, a vast variety of topics, which, perhaps, only a female eye could correctly appreciate, or a female pen do justice to in description.

EDINBURGH.

Many a queer picnic party has doubtless flitted across the Atlantic during the last 200 years—from principle, and for want of it; from poverty, curiosity, or romance. Among all these strolling companies, we question, however, whether one ever went out on so wild a scheme as that in which our "heroine" figures, as part manager and part performer. This part of her case is conducted with great dexterity. No *vis-à-vis* leader could have done it better. The character in which she comes out at last, that of principal witness against a great nation, made it necessary to say something concerning herself. The difficulty was, how much? and with what colour? The scene opens with a matron, her son, and two daughters. On looking narrowly into the background, whom else do we discover? No *Mr. Trollope*, the centre of a family group, following *Mr. Birkbeck* for an honest livelihood to the Wabash. The party was not tempted by the New-England ballad,

"To I can delve and plough, love,  
And you can spin and sew;  
And we'll settle on the banks  
Of the pleasant Ohio."

First appears her friend, a *Mr. II.*, who joined the Pilgrims of our *Canterbury Tales*, in the hope of finding a good opening in the line of historical painting at Cincinnati! This is pretty good for a beginning. After that—farewell to the virtue of common sense, whatever other discretion may be retained. By the way, can this be the artist to whose pen we are indebted for the very clever *posthouse prints*, by which the letterpress is illustrated and advertised? However, a more important personage is behind. As the mist rolls away, there comes to light *Miss Wright of Nashoba*! The female professor, late *dame de compagnie* to *La Fayette*, is on her way back to her American experiments. The absurdity, in her hands and in the centre of American prejudice, of a nursery of "equality" for blacks as well as whites, is scarcely recognisable with any merit but the primary one of good intentions. These prospects are made neither more reasonable nor more popular when, within a month or two, they disappear for the pomp and ceremony of public lectures over the Union against Monarchy, Property, Christianity, and Marriage! *Mrs. Trollope* went out under the express patronage and introduction of this lady. In case she was aware beforehand of her views and opinions—we have done. On the other hand, if she, an elderly personage, was deceived in the character of her bosom friend—with what chance does she now venture on the character of a people, of whom she is evidently only acquainted with the tail! *Mrs. Trollope* must, on this supposition, have deceived herself! Indeed, she is even now in a monstrous delusion concerning her friend's overwhelming eloquence and appearance. *Miss Wright* has been throughout an enthusiast, incapable of deceiving any one. She was comparatively young, and glowing in the opinions which had already made her the talk of London and of Paris.

The party entered America by the monotonous Mississippi. *Nashoba*, the intended home of at least some months, turned out a desolation. The enthusiasm of our chaperoned chaperon, which (to say the truth) seems chiefly confined to scenery and comforts, gave way. The friends quarrelled. "A world before her—it is not stated, 'who the guide'—she proceeded to Cincinnati on the Ohio; thirty years ago a forest crossed only by the red man; now a rising town, with 20,000 inhabitants, and increasing at the rate of 1100 houses a-year. Under these circumstances, it can just as much represent the United States, as a new flourishing port in the Orkneys would represent Great Britain. *Mrs. Trollope* is not explicit on the personal object of her mission to the United States. Whatever it may have been, her whole book is engraved with the bitterness of her disappointment. Her dream may have been different from that of her companions. But in her way she had evidently drunk of the same cup of rash and credulous illusion. Besides the ordinary speculation of settling her children, (which, however, can scarcely be called commonplace in such a spot,) it looks as if she had pictured to herself some fairy land of Arcadian manners and Utopian institutions. There is one brief incidental acknowledgment of a further motive, and but one. "I had a little leaning towards settling myself when I set out." This is a hint, however, full of meaning. It lets us into a character rather difficult to deal with. For there is nothing so cheap, and at the same time nothing so intractable, as extremes. That a mind which the England of 1827 had diseased into sedition, should also grumble over the real America, does not at all surprise us. The lowering down to themselves the few who are above them, is, we fear, practically with many, a pleasanter sort of radicalism, than the raising up of many who are below. Accordingly, the country was not found worthy of the Master and the Miss *Trollopes*. She has brought them back; and has opened a quarrelsome account with a growing nation, for not corresponding to unreasonable expectations sentimentalized into republican romance.

We are sorry for the vanishing of a mother's hopes and a lady's visions. But unfortunately, our affair

with her is in the character of a witness—partly on questions of fact, and partly on questions of opinion. Upon asking, "What went ye out for to see?" and considering the way she took of seeing it, we are convinced that she had chiefly herself to blame. A stranger lady who mortally hates personal discomforts—who so loves obsequious service, that she declares, "on entering a slave state, 'I was immediately comfortable and at my ease'—whose passion it is to wander after prospects to hill-tops, and sit for days with an album by a waterfall, must have been sadly in the way, two years at Cincinnati. Imagine what would be an English Cincinnati—a thing the nearest like it at home, in a fresh town, rapidly clustering round a canal, a mine, or a manufactory. Then think what was to be expected in a population of thirty years' growth, brought together to that remote region from every quarter of the Union, and almost of the globe, by that necessity which tears up at the roots even man himself! We should have calculated on finding them only one step out of chaos. Boast as they will, yet a miscellaneous assortment of stirring bodies, striving and struggling for subsistence, is, on the whole, the most that for a time they can be. For a generation or two they must consent to appear even to be falling back. They have to displace primeval forests, to do battle with the rattlesnake, to contend with and subdue nature in her last retreats. The advanced posts—the men who are to civilize the desert—must not begin by being overcivilized themselves. Our astonishment has been speechless on finding that such a spot possessed, in 1815, a Lancasterian school, a public library of 1100 volumes, four printing-offices, and three weekly papers. During *Mrs. Trollope's* stay, Mr. Flint printed there his "Western States" in two vols. 8vo.; a work which would do honor to a London publisher. She speaks of two museums of natural history, picture gallery, and an attempt by two artists at an academy of design. After this, what town in England, Scotland, or even Ireland, will turn up its nose at Cincinnati? The manners can in general only be coarse. The men can have little or no leisure. But what must be the spirit of the place! Our author begins by comparing what she had left behind in London. What must be her spirit!

Now, let us follow the march, and observe the course pursued by *Mrs. Trollope*. She enters the house by the back premises, and takes up her quarters for two years together in the kitchen. She "wastes time, health, money," and we must add, temper, there. She gets cross with the "helps," and they get impudent to her. She is called "old woman." On this, straightway she begins to take notes of every vulgarity and ridicule which she can lay hold of in the kitchen, and in the offices adjoining, with the view of printing them as an authentic description of the people of *America* made upon the spot. Of the outside of the mansion which she has ventured to paint, she never saw a fifth part. In respect of its interior, the Americans are a strict and prudish people. We have to be sure, a general description of a public ball and a private dinner. So far, however, from her having been admitted into the best parlour, the friend of *Miss Wright* seems, during the three years and a half she stayed among them, to have hardly had an opportunity of exchanging a single word with the gentlemen and ladies of the house. Accordingly, of one of the worst offences which a traveller can commit,—gossiping and malignant breach of hospitality,—we entirely acquit her. We have looked anxiously through her book, to see whether we can honestly acquit her of any more; but in vain. One might imagine from the tone, that her tour had been one long gauntlet of individual incivilities.

QUARTERLY.

Our authoress and her party sailed for America in November, 1827, and having disbarred at New Orleans, proceeded up the huge Mississippi in the steam-boat *Belvidere*, one of those wonderful floating palaces of which the Americans are never tired of talking. But our fair author does not appear to have been overwhelmed by this first specimen of transatlantic magnificence.

"Let me one," she says, "who wishes to receive agreeable impressions of American manners, commence their travels in a Mississippi steam-boat; for myself, it is with all sincerity I declare, that I would infinitely prefer sharing the apartment of a party of well-conditioned pigs to the being confined in its cabin."

This relates to the ladies apart; but we spare the description of the large room and its carpet, the "state and condition" of which she leaves us to imagine from the following sentence:—

"I hardly know any annoyance, indeed," she continues, "so deeply repugnant to English feelings, as the incessant, remorseless spitting of Americans. I feel that I owe my readers an apology for the repeated use of this, and several other odious words; but I cannot avoid them, without suffering the fidelity of description to escape me."

The company in this river palace appear to have been every way suitable to the accommodations.

EDINBURGH.

A general contrast between the courtesies of England and the rudeness to which she was exposed in the stages and steam-boats of America, is more easily made and misapprehended. On this we must be allowed to make an observation. Mr. Hodgson's "Letters from North America" is a most temperate and judicious work. The reader will find there two pages of references to the testimony of different English travellers, in favour of the hospitality and attention with which, in spite of the irritation produced by frequent calumnies, they were invariably received. We could add as many more. We know a gentleman

and his wife, who were travelling in America at the same time with *Mrs. Trollope*, and who passed over her route. They travelled in the simplest manner. Wherever they were known to be strangers, two seats at the top of the table were constantly kept for them. Mr. Hodgson says, "I deliberately think, that a traveller must be struck with the evidence of more good nature, and a greater spirit of accommodation in the stages here than with us, and certainly of more uniform and marked respect to female travellers, though often under the most cold and forbidding manners."—How comes it that *Mrs. Trollope* was made an exception? Even Captain Hall states, that he always spoke his opinion freely, and was always heard out with the most perfect good humour. Can the exception be otherwise explained than by a fact in which all travellers agree? The Americans are very ready to act upon the defensive. Mr. Vigne points at this probable reaction; and his intimation is supported by the evidence of Mr. McGregor. "I unhesitatingly affirm, that if an Englishman be treated otherwise than with kindness, it must be his own fault."

QUARTERLY.

There are some amusing accounts given of the "squatters," from whom they purchased fire-wood on the banks of the river. These miserable wretches appear to be planted on the very out-skirts of human society, and to exist, rather than to live, in the most deplorable state of poverty. They are generally cheerful, however, and would accept our commiseration as an insult. "All men are born alike," say they, with an air of *genuine* republican independence, as they call it.

In the beginning of February our party reached the town of Cincinnati, on the right bank of the Ohio. Of course they were obliged to snatch their first hurried meal at the public table; but as they had not yet become reconciled to the fashions of the country, they preferred taking tea in their own room. A good-natured Irishwoman served them as waiter, and they were getting on pretty well, when a loud sharp knocking was heard at the door, and in walked a portly personage, who proclaimed himself their landlord.

"Are any of you all?" he began. "No, thank you, sir; we are all quite well," was my reply. "Then, madam, I must tell you, that I cannot accommodate you on these terms; we have no family tea-drinkers here, and you must either live with me or my wife, or not at all in my house." This was said with an air of authority that almost precluded reply, but I ventured a sort of apologetic hint, that we were strangers and unaccustomed to the manners of the country. "Our manners (said he) are very good manners, and we don't wish any changes from England." I made no farther remonstrance, but determined to hasten my removal. "This we achieved the next day to our great satisfaction."

EDINBURGH.

Mr. Vigne is a very calm and reasonable English lawyer. He visited America last summer as a sportsman—to find sport in their woods, and trout streams—certainly not to make sport of themselves. A jealousy on the subject of England struck him as the prominent failing. "I have," he observes, "several times received a friendly caution from Americans themselves on this head. Out of what may be designated as steam-boat acquaintance, there are not fifty men from Maine to Louisiana, who can listen to such a comparison without biting their lips." Mr. Hodgson, speaking of this vanity, mentions that he scarcely perceived it in good society, and has seen more of it in Americans whilst in England, than at home. The feeling, however, is one which is quite unequalled for by any true sense of dignity, or by any English sentiment to which it may be thought possibly to correspond. We are aware of the provocations given by a part of the English press. We lament them as sincerely, and feel quite as indignant at them as our brethren of the *North American Review*. But the nation is not responsible for, much less is it a party to, any such publications by its approval. Meanwhile, these things must not be taken so seriously to heart.

The drawings with which *Mrs. Trollope* has enlivened her text, show its spirit. Their proper place is the window of a caricature shop. Considered in this light, our objections to her book are, first, that it is not announced as a caricature, but is passed off as a true picture; next, that even were it so announced, it is too ill-natured to fall within the legitimate province of classical and gentlemanly burlesque. Instead of a pencil and Indian ink, she uses vitriol and a blacking brush. Virgil is said to have thrown dung about with grace in the Georgics. Notwithstanding the dexterity of the process in the present instance, caricature is apparently a line in which ladies are not intended to excel. Their feelings carry them too far. When they take to sparring, they generally, we believe, have dropped the gloves before they are aware. A great judge in questions relating to the sex, has ventured to doubt whether they are, any of them, the better for foreign travel. The possibility, however, that a countrywoman of his would ever write a spiteful, ill-considered, and mischief-making book of this description, we are sure was never contemplated by him, when he proposed for their consideration, "Whether the delicacy of an English lady's mind may not partake of the nature of some high-flavoured wines, which will not admit of being carried abroad, though, under right management, they are admirable at home." Mr. Hodgson has expressed a hope that it might yet become the fashion for ladies of the two countries to exchange visits across the Atlantic. Then, and perhaps not till then, would English women "learn to do justice to their western sisters." It is unfortunate that the experiment

should have commenced with the female Quixote who has volunteered her services on this occasion.—What a different reception would the ladies of America have given, and what a different report should we have received, not merely from Hannah More and Mrs. Fry, but from Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Aikin, Mrs. Hamilton, and Mrs. Markham, or from a hundred others, of whose feminine virtues and accomplishments the modern literature of England is so justly proud!

## QUARTERLY.

There is nothing more curious in these amusing volumes than the accounts given, from time to time, of the social position of the ladies. The following expression struck us particularly. Mrs. Trollope, talking of the sensation produced in America by the appearance of the faunical female already alluded to, who lectured against the Bible, Wedlock, &c., in a manner which, as she says, would have made some stir anywhere, adds—“But in America, where women are guarded by a seven fold shield of habitual infatuation, such a spectacle caused an effect that can hardly be described.”—p. 26.

Our attention is next invited to a subject of greater importance, and one which is treated with much skill and good sense in these volumes; we mean the practice of religious observances, and the influence of religion on a society so very differently constituted in all other respects from that of Europe generally, and especially from that of England. We recommend an attentive perusal of Chapters VIII. and XI. to those who are anywise distrustful of the benefits of an established church, in giving consistency to the duties and efficacy to the principles of religion; or, who have no dread of the evils which follow the unrestrained indulgence of misdirected zeal in any, even the best, cause.

A lively description is given of domestic prayer-meetings during this season of Revival, as it is called, but we prefer extracting an account of a scene witnessed by our author at a Presbyterian church in Cincinnati. Well may she say it made her shudder.

Disgusting and mischievous as this exhibition is, its profanity, not to say blasphemy, is far outstripped by the outrageous absurdities our author witnessed at what is called a camp-meeting. We have in vain attempted to abridge the chapter (xv.) in which this exhibition of hypocrisy, folly, fanaticism, and we must add, gross licentiousness, is described with a degree of graphic effect which ranks the author as a writer of very considerable powers. Nothing can be more painful, we allow, than such a description; but we conceive that it is full of the most important instruction, and is well calculated to check those first risings of ignorant zeal, which, if not duly restrained by right reason, are so very apt, when pressed upon weak minds, to rise into the wildest enthusiasm, to obliterate all traces of the religion of the gospel, and, of course, to supersede every finer sense of moral duty.

## EDINBURGH.

The peculiarity of the present tour (whether merit or demerit) rests entirely on the stories of which it principally consists. Many of them are such, that an English gentlewoman was strangely occupied in collecting them, even for an hour, much more in making the undertaking the work of years. Whatever may be the truth concerning American manners, the supposition that such relations would be acceptable chit-chat to London drawing-rooms, is a bad compliment to our own.

## QUARTERLY.

Mrs. Trollope seems to have bestowed much attention on the state of education in America, and inserts several literary conversations, which give us curious enough peeps behind the curtains. See vol. i. page 127, where “poor Shakspeare is held to be too gross for the refined taste of the backwoods, and it is considered quite fustian to speak of Pope.” “In truth,” observes our author, after a choice specimen of the blue talk of Cincinnati, “there are many reasons which render very general diffusion of literature impossible in America. I can scarcely class the universal reading of newspapers as an exception to this remark; if I could, my statement would be exactly the reverse, and I should say that America beat the world in letters. The fact is, that throughout all ranks of society, from the successful merchant, which is the highest, to the domestic serving man which is the lowest, they are too actively employed to read, except such broken moments as may suffice for a peep at a newspaper.”—vol. i. p. 128.

This state of things, is, in truth, not only acknowledged, but exulted in, by the Americans themselves.

## EDINBURGH.

There is a chapter professedly on Education and Literature. It must open the eyes almost of the blind as to the mode in which this book has been got up. The education of America is a noble field—the lady who had left England without ever having seen an infant school was likely enough to pass on one side of it. It is not easily made ridiculous. So we have three or four shallow pages on the desirability that instruction should be restricted to the classics; and in reprobating American literature for not having yet got the playful tone, in the wholesome exercise of which she recognises the use of a Reviewer, and which she considers to be “perhaps the last finish of highly finished society.” A certain M. Ferry de Constant once made a collection of English lampoons, which he passed off as “les Anglois peints par euxmêmes.” The honesty of such a finesse is almost equalled by extracting the trash of newspapers, or annuals, as examples of the genius of a nation. In an hour, by the help of “Rosa Matilda and tears of sensibility” from the *Morning Post*, our lords and ladies, who are said to read it, might be shown to be born idiots. On this

principle we would undertake, in a week, to make out—by a selection from speeches at public meetings, from the literature of contested elections, from the addresses of secretaries to political unions, from the party placards of parish vestries—a case which should leave not a pretence for sense and decency to the body of the English people. The supposed success of a work like Mrs. Trollope’s, according to this way of judging, would be a proof, strong as holy writ, of our frivolity, ignorance, and ill-manners. Every ignominy under heaven might be thus easily stamped on the brow of every people.

The following is Mrs. Trollope’s notice of Mr. Bryant: “It is, I think, Mr. Bryant who ranks highest as the poet of the Union. This is too lofty an eminence for me to attack; besides, “I am of another parish,” and therefore, perhaps, no very fair judge? It is answer enough to this sally of mere impertinence, that Washington Irving has published an edition of these Anglo-American poems, and dedicated them to Mr. Rogers.

Let our readers buy the volume. They can then judge for themselves, whether a people—do we not say, among whom such a poet has been produced, (for that might be one of nature’s accidents,) but among whom such a poet is the popular poet of the Union,—can deserve the character given them by Mrs. Trollope. Truly may she say, that she is “of another parish.”

## ANCIENT NORWEGIAN WAR-SONG.

Arise! old Norway sends the word  
Of battle on the blast!  
Her voice the forest pines hath sturd,  
As if a storm went past;  
Hv! thousand hills the call long heard,  
And forth their fire-flage cast.  
  
Arin, arin! free hunters, for the chase,  
The kingly chase of vies!  
“Tis not the bear, or wild wolf’s game,  
Whose trampling stokes the snows?  
Arin, arin! ‘tis on a holder train  
The Northern spearman goes.  
  
Our hawks have dark and strong beaks;  
With many an ey-sight;  
Heap there the rocks for funeral piles  
Above th’ invader’s head!  
Or let the seas that gout our sides,  
Give burial to his soul!”

P. H.

## COMPARISON OF REVOLUTIONS.

It is clear, that among the French of that day, political knowledge was absolutely in its infancy. It would indeed have been strange if it had attained maturity in the time of censors, of *lettres-de-cachet*, and of belts of justice. The electors did not know how to elect. The representatives did not know how to deliberate. M. Dumont taught the constituent body of Montreal how to perform their functions, and found them apt to learn. He afterwards tried, in concert with Mirabeau to instruct the National Assembly in that admirable system of Parliamentary tactics, which has been long established in the English House of Commons, and which has made the House of Commons, in spite of all the defects in its composition, the best and fairest debating society in the world. But these accomplished legislators, though quite as ignorant as the mob of Montreal, proved much less docile, and cried out that they did not want to go to school to the English. Their debates consisted of endless successions of trashy pamphlets, all beginning with something about the original compact of society;—man in the hunting state, and others such folly. They sometimes diversified and enlivened these long readings by a little rioting. They bawled; they hooted; they shook their fists. They kept no order among themselves. They were insulted with impunity by the crowd which filled their galleries. They gave long and solemn consideration to trifles. They hurried through the most important resolutions with fearful expedition. They wasted months in quibbling about the words of that false and childish Declaration of Rights on which they professed to found their new constitution, and which was at irreconcilable variance with every clause of that constitution. They annihilated in a single night privileges, many of which partook of the nature of property, and ought therefore to have been most delicately handled.

They are called the Constituent Assembly. Never was a name less appropriate. They were not constituent, but the very reverse of constituent. They constituted nothing that stood, or that deserved to last. They had not, and they could not possibly have, the information or the habits of mind which are necessary for the framing of that most exquisite of all machines, a government. The metaphysical cant with which they prefaced their constitution, has long been the scoff of all parties. Their constitution itself,—that constitution which they described as absolutely perfect, and to which they predicted immortality,—disappeared in a few months, and left no trace behind it. They were great only in the work of destruction.

The glory of the National Assembly is this, that they were in truth, what Mr. Burke called them in austere irony, the ablest architects of ruin that ever the world saw. They were utterly incompetent to perform any work which required ad discriminating eye and a skilful hand. But the work which was then to be done was a work of devastation. They had to deal with abuses so horrible and so deeply rooted, that the highest political wisdom could scarcely have produced greater good to mankind than was produced by their fiercer and senseless temerity. Demolition is undoubtedly a vulgar task; the highest glory of the statesman is to construct. But there is a time for every thing, a time to set up, and a time to pull down. The talents of revolutionary leaders, and those of the legislator,

have equally their use and their season. It is the natural, the almost universal law, that the age of insurrections and proscriptions shall precede the age of good government, of temperate liberty, and liberal order.

And how should it be otherwise? It is not in swaddling-bands that we learn to walk. It is not in the dark that we learn to distinguish colours. It is not under oppression that we learn how to use freedom. The ordinary sophism by which misrule is defended is, when truly stated, this:—The people must continue in slavery, because slavery has generated in them all the vices of slaves. Because they are ignorant, they must remain under a power which has made, and which keeps them ignorant. Because they have been made ferocious by misgovernment, they must be governed for ever. If the system under which they live were so mild and liberal, that under its operation they had become humane and enlightened, it would be safe to venture on a change. But as this system has destroyed morality, and prevented the development of the intellect,—as it has turned men who might, under different training, have formed a virtuous and happy community, into savage and stupid wild beasts,—therefore it ought to last for ever. The English Revolution, it is said, was truly a glorious Revolution. Practical evils were redressed; no excesses were committed; no sweeping confiscations took place; the authority of the laws was scarcely for a moment suspended; the fullest and freest discussion was tolerated in Parliament; the nation showed, by the calm and temperate manner in which it asserted its liberty, that it was fit to enjoy liberty. The French Revolution was, on the other hand, the most horrible event recorded in history,—all madness and wickedness,—absurdity in theory, and atrocity in practice. What folly and injustice in the revolutionary laws! What grotesque affectation in the revolutionary ceremonies! What fanaticism! What licentiousness! What cruelty! Anacharsis Clootz and Marat,—feasts of the Supreme Being, and marriages of the Loire—trees of liberty, and head-dancing on pikes—the whole forms a kind of infernal farce, made up of every thing ridiculous, and every thing frightful. This is to give freedom to those who have neither wisdom nor virtue.

It is not only by bad men interested in the defence of abuses that arguments like these have been urged against all schemes of political improvement. Some of the highest and purest of human beings conceived such scorn and aversion for the follies and crimes of the French Revolution, that they recanted, in the moment of triumph, these liberal opinions to which they had clung in defiance of persecution. And if we enquire why it was that they began to doubt whether liberty were a blessing, we shall find that it was only because events had proved, in the clearest manner, that liberty is the parent of virtue and of order. We believe it to be a rule without an exception, that the violence of a revolution corresponds to the degree of misgovernment which has produced that revolution. Why was the French Revolution so bloody and destructive? Why was our revolution of 1641 comparatively mild? Why was our revolution of 1688 milder still? Why was the American Revolution, considered as an internal movement, the mildest of all? There is an obvious and complete solution of the problem. The English under James the First and Charles the First were less oppressed than the French under Louis the Fifteenth and Louis the Sixteenth. The English were less oppressed after the Restoration than before the great Rebellion. And America, under George the Third, was less oppressed than England under the Stuarts. The reaction was exactly proportioned to the pressure,—the vengeance to the provocation.

When Mr. Burke was reminded in his later years of the zeal which he had displayed in the cause of the Americans, he vindicated himself from the charge of inconsistency, by contrasting the wisdom and moderation of the Colonial insurgents of 1776 with the fanaticism and wickedness of the Jacobins of 1792. He was in fact bringing an argument *a fortiori* against himself. The circumstances on which he rested his vindication, fully proved that the old government of France stood in far more need of a complete change than the old government of America. The difference between Washington and Robespierre,—the difference between Franklin and Barrere,—the difference between the destruction of a few barrels of tea and the confiscation of thousands of square miles,—the difference between the tarring and feathering of a tax-gatherer and the massacres of September,—measure the difference between the government of America under the rule of England and the government of France under the rule of the Bourbons.

Louis the Sixteenth made great voluntary concessions to his people; and they sent him to the scaffold. Charles the Tenth violated the fundamental laws of the state, established a despotism, and butchered his subjects for not submitting quietly to that despotism. He failed in his wicked attempt. He was at the mercy of those whom he had injured. The pavements of Paris were still heaped up in barricades,—the hospitals were still full of the wounded;—the dead were still unburied;—a thousand families were in mourning;—a hundred thousand citizens were in arms. The crime was recent;—the life of the criminal was in the hands of the sufferers;—and they touched not one hair of his head. In the first revolution, victims were sent to death by scores for the most trifling acts proved by the lowest testimony, before the most partial tribunals. After the second revolution, those ministers who had signed the ordinances,—those ministers, whose guilt, as it was of the foulest kind, was proved by the clearest evidence,—were punished only with imprisonment. In the first revolution, property was attacked. In the second, it was held sacred. Both revolutions, it is

true, left the public mind of France in an unsettled state. Both revolutions were followed by insurrectionary movements. But after the first revolution, the insurgents were almost always stronger than the law, and since the second revolution, the law has invariably been found stronger than the insurgents. There is, indeed, much<sup>2</sup> in the present state of France which may well excite the uneasiness of those who desire to see her free, happy, powerful, and secure. Yet if we compare the present state of France with the state in which she was forty years ago, how vast a change for the better has taken place! How little effect, for example, during the first revolution, would the sentence of a judicial body have produced on an armed and victorious party! If, after the 10th of August, or after the proscription of the Girondins, or after the 9th of Thermidor, or after the carnage of Vendémiaire, or after the arrests of Fructidor, any tribunal had decided against the conquerors in favour of the conquered, with what contempt, with what derision, would its award have been received! The judges would have lost their heads, or would have been sent to die in some unwholesome colony. The fate of the victim whom they had endeavoured to save would only have been made darker and more hopeless by their interference. We have lately seen a signal proof that, in France, the law is now stronger than the sword. We have seen a government, in the very moment of triumph and revenge, submitting itself to the authority of a court of law. A just and independent sentence has been pronounced—a sentence worthy of the ancient renown of that magistracy, to which belong the noblest recollections of French history—which, in an age of persecutors, produced L’Hospital,—which, in an age of courtiers, produced D’Aguesseau—which, in an age of wickedness and madness, exhibited to mankind a pattern of every virtue in the life and in the death of Malesherbes. The respectful manner in which that sentence has been received, is alone sufficient to show how widely the French of this generation differ from their fathers. And how is the difference to be explained? The race, the soil, the climate, are the same. If these dull, honest Englishmen, who explain the events of 1793 and 1794, by saying that the French are naturally frivolous and cruel, were in the right, why is the guillotine now standing idle? Not surely for want of Carlists, of aristocrats, of people guilty of inviolism, of people suspected of being suspicious characters. Is not the true explanation this, that the Frenchman of 1792 has been far better governed than the Frenchman of 1789,—that his soul has never been galled by the oppressive privileges of a separate caste,—that he has been in some degree accustomed to discuss political questions, and to perform political functions,—that he has lived for seventeen or eighteen years under institutions which, however defective, have yet been far superior to any institutions that had before existed in France?

As the second French Revolution has been far milder than the first, so that great change which has just been effected in England, has been milder even than the second French Revolution,—milder than any revolution recorded in history. Some orators have described the reform of the House of Commons as a revolution. Others have denied the propriety of the term. The question, though in seeming merely a question of definition, suggests much curious and interesting matter for reflection. If we look at the magnitude of the reform, it may well be called a revolution. If we look at the means by which it has been effected, it is merely an act of Parliament, regularly brought in, read, committed, and passed. In the whole history of England, there is no prouder circumstance than this,—that a change which could not, in any other age, or in any other country, have been effected without physical violence, should here have been effected by the force of reason, and under the forms of law. The work of three civil wars has been accomplished by three sessions of Parliament. An ancient and deeply rooted system of abuses has been fiercely attacked and stubbornly defended. It has fallen; and not one sword has been drawn; not one estate has been confiscated; not one family has been forced to emigrate. The bank has kept its credit. The funds have kept their price. Every man has gone forth to his work and to his labor till the evening. During the fiercest excitement of the contest,—during the first fortnight of that immortal May,—there was not one moment at which any sanguinary act committed on the person of any of the most unpopular men in England, would not have filled the country with horror and indignation.

And now that the victory is won, has it been abused? An immense mass of power has been transferred from an oligarchy to the nation. Are the members of the vanquished oligarchy insecure? Does the nation seem disposed to play the tyrant? Are not those who, in any other state of society, would have been visited with the severest vengeance of the triumphant party,—would have been pining in dungeons, or flying to foreign countries,—still enjoying their possessions and their honours, still taking part as freely as ever in public affairs? Two years ago they were dominant. They are now vanquished. Yet the whole people would regard with horror any man who should dare to propose any vindictive measures. So common is this feeling,—so much is it a matter of course among us,—that many of our readers will scarcely understand what we see to admire in it.

To what are we to attribute the unparalleled moderation and humanity which the English people have displayed at this great conjuncture? The answer is plain. This moderation, this humanity, are the fruits of a hundred and fifty years of liberty. During many generations we have had legislative assemblies which, however defective their constitution might be, have

